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# TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1873.

# Choice Loctry.

### THANKSGIVING.

Brown Automo's lavish hand had spread In which all Summer they had lain, With pattering sound, like drops of rain, Ripe chestnuts fell upon the plain; And bern and granary were stored With the ripe corn—the Winter heard— And plenty reigned at every board; And once again returned the day, When, anding care and toll away, A people lift their hands to pray,

On many a cottage hearth, that night, Gleamed ruddily the fagot's light. And round it gathered faces bright. Without, was wind, and storm, and sleet;

Within, the sound of dancing feet, And bursts of laughter wild and sweet. But by the hearth of Parmer Stone, He sat with the good wife alone. Save that the dog, who now had grown.

The farmer spake: "Ten years to-day, The ship that bore our looy away, Went slowly sailing down the bay.

Ten years! I count them o'er and o'er— She never gained her destined shore; Our bey returned to us no more, Where grief can unter not, nor care-May we but find our lost one there! "Cease, murmuring thoughts, to ver my mind; God's ways are dark, and we are blind.— Doup, Carlo! it was but the wind!"

On creaking hinges awang the door; A stranger stood upon the floor— The dog looked up, but barked no more.

"Come in! come in!" the farmer said-"Welcome to food, and fire, and bed, And shelter for thy weary head. No thanks. An open door I keep: I had a sop—sweet be his sleep— The ocean surges o'er him sweep. "But were he living-did he stand,

"That should kind pity on him take! Stranger, panse not, excuse to make— You're welcome, for the lost one's sale.

Quick from his head the stranger tors. The cap that his his face before, Then turned him to the fire once more. "Father! am I a stranger still! Mother! do you not know your Will! Not dead!—not dead!—but living still "Now wee is me!" the mother said; "This is some trick of my old head:

who save he is not dead! But the old father, well content, Forget not who the blessing sen

While o'er his features stole a ray, Bright as a gleam of Heaven's own day: "The Lord is gracious—let us pray."

## Select Storn.

### COUSIN SOPHRONY CARTER. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Dear me, snz, Annt Sylvy!" "Dear me, suz, Anni Sylvy!"
"Wall, Sophrony, you'll live to see," answered, in a tone of doleful warning, Mrs. Sylvy Riter, the little soft-veiced wife of Deacon Riter, of Berry Farms; and she shook her head solemnly as she cleaved through the mellow heart of a ripe quince, and scooped out the core into a peck measure on one side of her, which was half filled with the golden parings of ripe fruit. "This 'ere triffin' with young men's affections, and han-kerin' after the admiration o' this and t'other one, is sartin to bring down trouble on one's own head sooner or later. As my grandmother used to say, when a gal had got the true love of an hon-est man, and didn't set store by it, she'd live to see the day she'd repent on it; and I believe it's as clever and sober-minded and good-mannered a young man as you'll find—"

"Oh, now, for all the world, Aunt Sylvy," inrestless, waving head, and then set herself more igorously to work than ever at the muslin and ruffle she was crimping with the small blade of her father's great pocket knife. "Josiah Stiles don't care anything special about me, or what i do. If I choose to go to the apple bee with Steve Plat, next Monday evenin', it's none o' his business; and I can't be made to see why I should my finger in my month, like a scared school

put my finger in my month, like a scared school girl, and say, 'By your leave, sir.'"

Mrs. Riter pansed in the midst of her half pared quince, and turned right about and faced her niece, while the golden rind coiled about her

"Now, Sophrony Carter," she said, with solemn emphasis, "you know better than that 'are; you know, when you say that Josiah Stiles don't care anything experial about you, that he wor-ships the ground you tread on; and you know best, too, what sort of encouragement you've given him with your pretty flirtin airs and ways -leadin' him on and holdin' him off for the last two years, as a gal o' your stuff can al'ays contrive to do; and now, when you feel in your own soul as sartin that you've got him fixed tight, as you do o' sittin' there this blessed min-it, and that he, as noble a fellow as ever trod shoe leather, loves you with a true, honorable love, as a man only loves a woman once in his life, you're jest goin' to try your own power his givin' him the mittin', and goin' to the apple bee in company with Steve Plat, who you wouldn't turn over your right hand for; and you'll laugh, and dance, and shake your head, and cut up and dance, and shake your head, and cut up ginerally; and be gloryin' all the time in the thought o' the pain, and fever, and madness like, which is goin' on in Josiah's heart. Oh, 'Ophy, my dear child, you may depend on't, Satan's at the bottom o' all this, and he'll bring you into the mire sooner or later, as he al'ys does those

Sophreny Carter had sat turning all colors sopnrony Carter and sat turning all colors, and nervously tapping her foot on the sanded floor, during her aunt's speech; for her own conscience would authoritatively rise up and confirm all that her aunt said, spite of the sophistries with which the girl tried to drown its voice, and she broke out irritably at the conclus-ion, as a self-convicted party is apt to do:

"Now, Aunt Sylvy, to be sure, one would think Now, Annt Syrvy, to be sure, one would think I was just fit for prison or the banguan's rope, to hear you go on so. Can't a gal have a little bit o' fun with her beaux, without your puttin' on as solemncholly a face as though she'd been batched tanin' and the second of the state of the second of ketched toein' off a stockin' Saturday night af-ter sundown! You've sich old-fashioned notions;

ter sundown? You've sien out-assioned notions; but you old folks forget you was gals once." "No, Sophrony, I ain't forgot; and it's the memory o' the time when your uncle Jacob Ri-ter first came a courtin' me, as Richard Carter your mother, that makes me more in airnest. did your mother, that makes me more in airnest, for I am sot in doin' my duty by my dear sister's child, as I promised myself when I stood by her coffin, so that, if the Lord grant, I shall never have anything to repreach myself with, when I look upon her face in heaven; and, Sophrony, I'd be willin' she should look down and hear every word I'm sayin' to you this minit, cos, you know in your own soul, it's jest what she'd say

thow in your own sont, it's jest want sae a say too, if she was a settin' in this chair."

Tears of genuine feeling and momentary penitence crushed themselves along the silken lashes which hid the bright blue eyes of Sophrony Carter. The angry flash died away from her cheeks, the daintily crimped ruffle fell into her lap, and she leaned towards her aunt with a soft-med coverage of counterpasses when her little and she leaned towards her and with a soft-ened expression of countenance, when her little brother's voice was heard at the kitchen door. "I say, Sophrony, here's the bag o' flour. The millar couldn't get it groud afore, 'cos he had two or three jobs on hand."

"Well, Ike, I'm glad enough to see you at last," she exclaimed, briskly starting up. "I'll set right to, aunt Sylvy, and scour up the brass kettle for them preserves, and then I'll knead up the doughnuts, or I shan't get 'em biled for sup-

It was an afternoon in the Indian Summer, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that this conversation occurred, in the kitchen of farmer Carter's story and a half farmhouse. It was an old yellow-brown building, which had weathered half a century of storms, with a steep, moss-cushioned roof, and small windows and low ceilings. The kitchen was a great annels friendly room with a bare. great, ample, friendly room, with a huge firepiace and high 'mantel tree.' Long strings of
peppers, and quartered apples were hung over
this to dry for Winter use; there was a chest of
drawers, with bright brase handles, in the corner, and a table whose ample, snowy cloth had
been spun by Sophrony's own hands.

The when rather comes in, ask him to slice up some
o' the dried beef for supper."

Then she went up stairs, and threw herself
down on the low cot hed, in her little chamber,
under the roof, and sobs of penitence and remorse shock the ligure of Sophrony Carter like
branches in as torm.

She knew then it was all her own work that

the small windows, on all these things. It flut-tered with a loving caress about the walls, and over the rush-bottomed chairs, and on the floor. The robins sang in their nests, swung among The robins sang in their nests, swing among the branches of the great motherly apple tree ontside; soft winds sifted through the corn-fields, and the long leaves fell away from the ripe golden ears, like faded hopes; and over all the earth brooded the tender and touching farawell which the face of the year wears, and which we hear in the voice of her winds, when she gathers up all the leauty and glory of the spring, and the Summer, and the Antunna, into that last smile of hers—the Iddian Sammer.

Cousin Sophrony Carter—almost everybody in that last smile of hers—the Iddian Sammer.
Cousin Sophrony Carter—almost everybody in
Berry Farmacalled her this, for she was related by blood or marriage to nine-tenths of the families

-was a bright-faced, plump, daintily moulded

country maiden, just on the threshold of her

twenty-second year. She was an orphan, and had been so from her fifteenth birth day, and her father was an honest, hard-working, God-fearing farmer, whose great earthly ambition was to clear up a few acres of pasture and mendow lot, for his two boys when they should come of age, and leave as a marriage portion to Sophrony, the old home-stead, which her mother brought him.

Cousin Sophrony Carter was a wonderful girl
—so bright of glance, so spry of motion, that she
could arromplish more work in one day than almost any maiden or matron in Berry Parms. The way her spinning wheel would revolve, or her shuttle fly at the loom, was a perfect marvel to the whole village. She had taken charge of her father's family ever since the death of her mother, and with her quick tast and dexterity, the household work was more a play than a la-

rike was not beautiful, but she had bloom of color, and quick, bright changes of expression, and grace of novement. She was a favorite with every body, especially with men, for she was lively, warm-hearted, vivacions, full of the mischief and animal spirits which high health always gives a naturally impulsive nature; but with all these good and attractive qualities, there was one which cat with slow rust into the finest fibres of her being-one which I, writing this story, do solemnly and sorrowfully believe has been the rain-life, and heart, and soul-of more of mysex, than any, almost any other thing, and this was-love of admiration!

It unconsciously undermined her principles; it load her into the commission of many a mean and petty act, which she would otherwise have seemed. She loved to "Similate the cavy and jealousy of her numerous admirers; and Mrs. Riter, who had long observed this quality in her neice, had resolved to relieve her conscience, when she came aver to 'do my' the Fall preserves when she came over to 'do up' the Fall preserves when she came over to do up the ran preserves of the Riters; and the deacon's wife was greatly shocked to learn that Sophrony had accepted the escort of a man to the apple bee, for whom she escort of a man to the apple bee, for whom she cared nothing, which was coming off that week, at widow Pike's, on the old turopike road; for at widow Pike's, on the old turopike road; for the special shears of the grasped the strick ins, so I gently but firmly led her back to Wash inglow. Then it appeared that she did not remember exactly what he were. To assist her I sketched the general historic dress of that pearly she the clothes of the all-fascinating Permitted the strick in the grasped to us, for Josiah's in heaven!" her own vanity, and torment into jealousy the man whom all that was best and truest in the soul of Sophrony Carter honored and loyed,

"Oh, Josiah, you don't mean to say that for She was a little, plethoric woman, with a pala face and a pleasant, motherly sort of a smile, that took your heart at once; and she put down her flat from on an inverted sancer as she asked this question, and there was something quiver-ed through her voice, which made you feel that her very life was in her question. "Yes, mother, I've enlisted, and the work's

done. Come, don't give way, now."

He spoke it out blunt and strong, as a man usually does anything which is disagreeable to communicate, and which he wishes to get over with as soon as possible.

He was a stalwart, broad-breasted young farm-

er with a fine, manly, intelligent face, and a smile that was like his mother's, "O-h, Josinh!" She put out her hand with a sudden bewilder-

ment, as though a sharp blow had struck her, and there was terrible anguish in those two spoken words. "Wall, it's all done now, mother, and there's no

help for it. It don't become a strong, healthy young fellow like me, to stay here at home, and let others go off, leaving wives and children be-hind 'em, to fight for their country's freedom. I'm ashamed that I ain't been on the field afore. when there's nobody but you to miss me much:" "But, Josiah, you're all that your dear father

left me; and if anything should happen to my oy-" and Josah was school mates, and all ays set
She did not need to finish the sentence, with good deal o' store by each other." the look that she bent on him.

He put his strong arm around her, and spoke out, in his cheerful voice: "Come, now, mother, you are not the stuff to keep your boy at home, when his country needs him. That wasn't the way father acted, when he headed a company to drive off the Indians you've told me about so often. Just now the ar-my's in terrible need o' recruits, and I tell you I want to be on hand to give them. Red Coats the

"But, my boy, if anything should happen to great anything should happen to log or arm broken, or be shot down!"

Grief and remorse had done much work with the girl's face, in these four weeks. The old brightness and animation had gone out of it. leg or arm broken, or he shot down!"

And the little woman put up her trembling arms about his neek, and shivered in every limb.

"See her, mother, you'd better look on t'other side, and think how prond you'll be o' your boy Josiah, when he comes home, Cap'n er Colonel, or some other big name—why, it'll set you up all the rest o' your life, to have such a feather in my can."

my cap."

She looked at him out of her kind, faded eyes, with such a world of doating tenderness that he could hardly bear it.

"I'm proud enough on you now, Josiah. How soon do you go?" after a little silones betwixt them.

"I'm cap."

kept his secret well; for his mother never suspected that the girl's conduct was the real motive which had induced him to join the army. "Wall, Miss Stiles, the snow's getting so deep, it won't do for me to stay any longer," exclaimed showl over the head.

Refers Ver Stiles.

"Early next week, the company starts

head quarters."
"Oh, so soon?"
"Yes; and there's plenty of work for you to do"—thinking it best to seize hold of some prac-tical matter, in order to divert his mother's thoughts from the main subject. "I must have a couple of good shirts, and a reg'lar army snit. on a good cause, and you must show yourself

mother's only son, and she was a widow.

It was a raw, pallid-faced, wludy-beaten day in the heart of November; Sophreny Carter was slicing off thin strips from a great mounce of Indian pudding, which stood on the table, and of salt pork were sputtering over the bed of warm coals, which Sophrony had just raked up, in order to get supper in readiness; for the day was wearing into night, and her father and the two hired men had been hard at work, pulling stumps on some land they were clearing, and she knew they would bring sharp appetites to their

supper.

Saddenly her brother Isaac came in, and poked his flaxen bead betwirt her aud the fire.

"Sophrony!"
"Don't be botherin' me now, you Ike. Jest git out of my way."
"Wall, I just wanted to tell you that I met Jo-

"What did he say?" she said, laying down her knife, and looking up with a sudden interest. "Ophy, he said that he should start in about two hours to j'ine the army, and he sent you his good-bye, kindly." There was a long panse; Sophrony Carter took up her knife again, but it shook back and forth,

and made all sorts of zig-zags through the pud-ding. "Ike," turning suddenly upon him, "you jest watch that puddin', and see it don't burn; and when father comes in, ask him to slice up some o' the dried beef for supper."

Then she beef for supper."

been spun by Sophrony's own hauds.

The tender, screne saushine of that Autumn afternoon looked in through the open door and the small windows, on all these things. It fluttered with a loving caress about the walls, and over the rash battomed chairs and walls, and over the rash battomed chairs and walls. the evident admiration she received, and enjoy-ing the thought that she was tormenting her lover, she had danced with one and hipted with another, and been led on to many feelish speech-es and deeds which she afterwards regretted. And now that her wrong and ernelty had driven him from her—it might be forever—Sophrony Carter learned how, in the silence and holiness of her own soul, she loved Josiah Stiles—loved

> ness; and now if he should be shot, and his blood Should be on my head! Oh, Josiah!"
>
> But he was where those loving, pleading tones could not reach his heart, and Sophrony Carter was learning, as sooner or later we all must, that the wages of sin are suffering.

"How d'ye do, Miss Stiles ! Aunt Lacy thought she'd send you over a jug o' tresh milk and a pumpkin pie, this morning." "It's very kind and thoughtful o' your aunt,

Juson," answered Mrs. Stiles, as she received the gifts from the hard hands of the young man, who was the son of a neighbor, and one of her son's mates; but she did not observe the wistful, pitying glance which he shot into her face.

She carried the jug and the pie into the pan try, and returned in a few mor nts, and chatted with the young man about the Winter's hanging off, and his aunt's health, and the new singin

school that was just being started at the stone "meetin' house," and then she asked, suddenly "Oh, Jason, there ain't any fresh news from "Wall, yes," looking down; "there was some brought in last night to Squire Morgan's, Miss

"Did you hear anything about it?"

"There's be a another light skirmish up in York, somewhere, and our boys has licked the

"I don't suppose anything come to hand about "She saw the look then of fear and pity which he darted at her.
"Oh, Jason," gasped out the little pale woman, "there hasn't anything happened to my
boy, has there?"

Then the religion of the Puritans-the con stant, solemn, living recognition of God, and His dealings with men, in all circumstances, and at all times and seasons, whether of sorrow or joy, of pain or gladness, which every child was taught in every hour of his life, which were his morning and evening leason, that solemn in-dwelling, all-believing faith, broke out from the

knew that her heart was broken!

did make! I began to think the Injins had rais

Consin Sophrony Carter was "heelin ing, one cold night, in the opening of December. She sat before the huge fire-place, where a birch-wood fire was leaping in great fans of flame up the chimney, and filling the old kitchen with its ruddy glow. A small, round cherry stand stood on one side, and the girl had nearly upset this, with the solitary tallow candle which was plac ed on it, in her slarm at her father's sudden and noisy entrance.
He was a tall, broad-limbed, weather-heate

man, in a farmer's suit of blue "homespun," and walked up to the fire, and spread his great hands close to the flames.
"Wall, child, I'm kinder dazed, and could not

see my way clear. I've heard news."
"Bad news, father!" "Had news, father!"

"Yes, Sophrony. I got it from your aunt Patty's, where I jest stopped to hear how Jerry's
sick ox was coming on. It seems the Red Coats
and our folks has had a skirmishin', and several was shot; and amongst them was Josiah Stiles. Sich a likely, promisin' young man! and he was his mother's idol, and it's jest broken her heart.

This war's a dreadful thing."

A sound of something falling heavily to the floor, caused the farmer to turn round suddenly, and he saw Sophrony lying senseless on the floor.

"I'd no idee 'twould take her down so," murmured the farmer, as he bathed the face of his child, and rubbed her cold limbs tenderly as a mother. I must ha' told her too sudden, for she

It was New Year's evening, and the snow falling thick outside, and the wind best and stormed around the corners of the little red use, in the front room of which sat two brown house, in the front room of which sat two pale, sorrowful faced women—a young and an old one; for Sophrony Carter never allowed a day to go over her head, without running in to see the broken hearted mother of the man whom she had learned, too late, how tenderly she lov-

Her voice, too, which was so full of richness and laughter, had now, those soft falling tones which tell their own story of hidden sorrow. Mrs. tell their own story of hidden sould tell their own story of hidden sould be stilled was more attached to the girl, than to anybody on earth, for she knew something of her son's affection for Sophrony; but Josiah had kept his secret well; for his mother never sus-

Before Mrs. Stiles could reply, there was a fumbling at the door latch outside, which caused

umbling at the door mach suddenly, both the women to turn suddenly. The next moment the door opened, and a white, haggard face looked in on the two women, and a pair of feet shuffled feebly across the threshhold.

"It's his sperrit—it's his sperrit, come back to accuse me," mouned the white lips of Sophrony Carter, as she crouched down behind Mrs. Stiles, builders, as she crouched down behind Mrs. Stiles, shuddering in every limb; for the superstitions in which she had been educated at once suggest-

true grit, like them old Spartans, and wish him God speed."

But the figure came right forward, and the She tried to answer him cheerfully, but the words fell into a sigh, for Josiah Stiles was his see the face which crouched behind it; and the former sat still, and frozen betwixt fear and hope, in her chair, speaking no word, making no

sign.
"Mother, don't you know me? Ain't you got a welcome for your boy, that has come back to you from the gates of death?" you from the gates of death?"

She tried to rise up, but she fell back into her chair—the tears streamed down her aged face into her clasped, withered hands, while she cried

Then the figure, erouched down in the corner, rose up and darted forward—the arms, the soft plump arms of Sophrony Carter were gathered about the young man's neck, and she lay sob-The storm of the dying year heaved and howled outside, but there was joy and gladness unspeakable under the little low roof of the widow Stiles, while her son sat between the best son sat between

used to say of her those most tender and selema and beautiful words of Solomon, the son of Da-vid, that she was to him, indeed, "A Girr or THE LORD!

## Miscellany. WINTER IS COMING.

Winter is coming—Winter drear— All things bespeak his coming near: The lonely bower. The drooping flower. Tell us, in tones most clear and plain That we shall meet his wrath again.

Winter is coming, in his might,
To spread o'er earth his shade of night
The dark clouds slying.
And hourse winds sighing.
Foreitil his coming in directal form.
The wrathful monarch of the storm.

Winter is coming—fierce the gale.
That now sweeps through the flow'ry vale:
Its piercing breath
Is spreading death,
And dark despair in steen array,
Where beauty reigned but yesterday.

Winter is coming—faded leaves Are falling fast with every breeze; The cak's broad arm Hath lost its charm, And each bright flower which feelely lingers, Will soon be placked by ley singers.

Winter is coming—blust'ring forth From icebergs in his frozen north; Now expling bird, Whose notes off heard. Sits shivering in the leafless tree; No more is heard its barmony.

Winter is coming—Jet us rejoice, For in his train will come new joys: When saws diskes fly Through Winter's sky. There's joy—so in each change of life. If we but will, hopes may come rife.

### REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES. Bret Harte's Discovery George Washington and Josiah W. Perkins A Confusion of Im-ages How a Hessian Came to an End.

Basking Ringe, N. J., October 8, 1873.

Sir:—I have seen her at last. She is 107 years old, and remembers George Washington quite distinctly. It is somewhat confusing, however, that she also remembers a contemporaneous Josiah W. Perkins, of Basking Ridge, N. J., and, I think, has the impression that Perkins was the better man. Perkins, at the close of the last century, paid her some little attention. There are a few things that a really noble woman nevare a few things that a really noble woman nev

er forgets.

It was Perkins who said to her in 1795, in the streets of Philadelphia, "Shall I show thee General Washington!" Then she said, careless-like, for you know, child, at that time it wasn't what it is now to see General Washington, she said, "So do, Josiah, so do." Then he pointed to a tall man who got out of a carriage and went into a large house. He was larger than you be. He wore his own help—not powdered, had a flowered chintz vest, with yellow breeches and blue stockings, and a broad-brimmed hat. In Summer he wore a white straw hat, and at his farm at Basking Ridge he always wore it. At this point it became too evident that she was describing the clothes of the all-fascinating Persketched the general historic dress of that period. She said she thought he was dressed like that. Emboldened by my success, I added a hat of Charles II., and pointed shoes of the eleventh century. She endorsed these with such cheerful alacrity that I dropped the subject.

The house upon which I had stumbled, or rathese which my horse. Heree hack accustomed

r to which my horse—a Jersey hack accustomed o historic research—had brought me, was low ad quaint. Like most old houses, it had the and quaint. and quaint. Like most oid noises, it had the appearance of being encroached upon by the surrounding globe—as if it were already half in the grave with a sod or two in the shape of moss thrown on it like ashes on ashes and dust on dust. A wooden honse, instead of acquiring dignity with age, is apt to lose its youth and respectability together. A porch with scant sloping seats from which even the Winter's snow must have slid uncomfortably, projected from a must have slid uncomfortably, projected from doorway, that opened most unjustifiably into mall sitting room. There was no vestibule o visitor; he passed at once from the security of the public road into shameful privacy. And her the mellow autumnal sunlight that streaming through the maples and sunach on the opposite flickered and danced upon the floor, she sat and discoursed of George Washington and thought of Parkins. She was cuite in kerning with her

discoursed of George Washington and thought of Perkins. She was quite in keeping with her house and season, albeit a little in advance of both—her skin being of a faded russet and her hands so like dead November leaves that I faucied they rustled when she moved them.

For all that she was quite bright and cheery. Her faculties still fresh and vigorous, although performing irregularly and spasmodically. It was somewhat discomposing, I confess, to observe that at times her lower jaw would drop, leaving her speechless, until one of the family would no tice it and raise it smartly into place with a snap, which was always performed with such an habitual, perfunctory manner—generally in passhabitual, perfunctory manner—generally in pass-ing to and fro in their household duties—that it was very trying to the spectator. It was still more embarrassing to observe that the dear old lady had evidently no knowledge of this, but believed that she was still talking, and that on lady had evidently no knowledge of this, but believed that she was still talking, and that on resuming her actual vocal utterance she was often abrupt and incoherent, beginning always in the midddle of a sentence, and often in the middle of a word. "Sometimes," said her daughter, a giddy, thoughtles vocas gisl of eighty-five, "sometimes just moving her head sort of unhitches her jaw, and if we don't happen to see it she'll go on talking for hours without ever making a sound." Although I was convinced after this that during my interview I had lost several important revelations regarding George Washington through these peculiar lapses, I could not help reflecting how beneficent were these provisions of the Creator—how, if properly studied and applied, they might be fraught with happiness to mankind. How a slight jostle or jar at a dinner party might make the post prandial eloquence of garrulous seniity satisfactory to itself, yet harmless to others. How a more intimate knowledge of anatomy introduced into the domestic circle might make a home tolerable, at least, if not happy. How a long-suffering husband, under the pretext of a conjugal careas, might so unhook his wife's condyloid process as to allow the flow of expostulation, criticism or denunciation to go on with gratification to her and perfect immunity to himself.

But this was not getting back to George Wash-

and perfect immunity to him and perfect immunity to himself.

But this was not getting back to George Washington and the early struggles of the Republic.

So I returned to the Commander-in Chief, but found after one or two leading questions, that she was rather inclined to resent his appearance on the stage. Her reminiscences were chiefly social and local and more or less flavored with Perkins. We got back as far as the Revolutionregions. We got back as far as the Revolution-ary epoch—or rather her impressions of that epoch when it was still fresh in the public and. And here I came upon an incident, purely per-sonal and local, but withal, so novel, weird, and sonal and local, but withat, so novel, werd, and uncanny, that for a while, I fear, it quite displaced G. W. in my mind and tinged the autumnal fields beyond with a red that was not of the sumach. I do not remember to have read of it in the books. I do not know that it is entirely authentic. It was attested to me by mother and

daughter as an uncontradicted tradition.
In the little field beyond, where the plow still In the little held beyond, where the plow still turns up musket-balls and cartridge-boxes, took place one of those irregular skirmishes between the militiamen and Knyphausen's stragglers that made the rotreat historical. A Hessian soldier, wounded in both legs, and atterly helpless, dragged himself to the cover of a hazel copee and lay there hidden for two days. On the third day, maddened by thirst, he managed to creep to the rail fence of an adjoining farm house, but found himself unable to mount it or pass through. There was no one in the house but a little girl of

sickness and sufferings, after he was left for dead on the battle field.

It was a terribly severe lesson for Cousin Sophrony Carter, but it cared her of her besetting sin, as sharp and terrible afflictious are sometimes appointed of God for our healing.

Josiah Stiles regained his health at last, and, when the war was over, Sophrony Carter hecame his well-beloved wife, and years later he used to say of her those most tender and solemn until it was hidden. Two or three days after must be solved with the solemn and leaves overed the body with boughs and leaves until it was hidden. Two or three days after fence, covered the body with boughs and leaves antil it was hidden. Two or three days after she related the occurrence in a casual, careless way, and leading the way to the fence, with a piece of bread and butter in her guileless little ingers, pointed out the result of her simple, un-sophisticated effort. The Hessian was decently burned, but I could not find out what became of the little girl. Nobody seemed to remember. the little girl. Nobody seemed to remember. I trust that in after care she was happily married—that no Jersey Lovelace attempted to trifle with a heart whose impulses were so prompt and whose purposes were so sincere. They did not seem to know if she had married or not. Yet is does not seem probable that such simplicity of conception, frankness of expression and definess of execution were lost to posterity, or that they failed in their time and season to give flavor to the domestic felicity of the period. Beyond this the story perhaps has little value, except as at offset to the usual anecdotes of Hessian atrocity

They had their financial panies even in Jersey in the old days. She remembered when Dr. White married your consin Mary, or was it Susan !-ves, it was Susan : she remembers that your uncle Harry brought in an armful of bank notes-and threw them in the corner, saying notes—and threw them in the corner, saying they were no good to anybody. She remembered playing with them, and giving them to your annt Anna; no, child, it was your own mother, bless your heart. Some of them were marked as high as \$100. Everybody kept gold and silver in a stocking, or in a "chaney" vase like that. You never used money to buy anything. When Josiah went to Springfield to buy anything, he took a cartload of things with him to exchange. That yeller picture-frame was paid for in green-ings. But then people knew just what they ings. But then people knew just what they had; they didn't fritter their substance away in unchristian triffes like your father, Eliza Jane, who doesn't know that there is a God who will smite him hip and thigh—for vengeance is mine, and those that believe in me—but here, singu-larly enough, the inferior maxillaries gave out

larly enough, the inferior maxillaries gave out and her jaw dropped. (I noticed that her giddy daughter of eighty-five was sitting near her, but I do not pretend to connect this fact with the arrested flow of personal disclosure.) Howbeit, when she recovered her speech again it appeared that she was complaining of the weather.

The seasons had changed very much since your father went to sea. The Winters used to be terrible in those days. When she went over to Springfield, in June, she saw the snow still on Watson's ridge. There were whole days when you couldn't git over to William Henry's, their next neighbor, a quarter of a mile away. It was that dreadful Winter that the Spanish sailor was found—you don't remember the Spanish was found -you don't remember the Spanish sailor, Eliza Jane, it was before your time. There was a little personal skirmishing here, which I feared, at first, might end in a suspension of maxillary functions and the loss of the story, but here it is. Ah, me! it is a pure white Winter

idyl; how shall I sing it this bright Autumnal was a terrible night, that Winter's night, when she and the century were young together. The sun was lest at three o'clock; the snewy night came down like a white sheet that flapped night came down like a white sheet that flapped around the house, beat at the windows with its edges, and at last wrapped it in a close embrace. In the middle of the night they thought they heard above the wind a voice crying "Christus! Christus!" in a foreign tongue. They opened the door—no easy task in the north wind that pressed its strong shoulders against, it—but nothing was to be seen but the drifting snow. The next morning dawned upon fences hidden and a landscape changed and obliterated with drift. During the day they again heard the cry this time faint and hidden like a of "Christus!" child's voice. They searched in vain; the drifted snow held its secret. On the third day they broke a path to the fence, and then they heard the cry distinctly. Digging down, they found the body of a man—a Spanish sailor, dark and bearled, with ear-rings in his ears. As they stood gazing down at his cold and pulseless fig-ure, the cry of "Christus" again rose upon the wintry air, and they turned and fled in supersti-tious terror to the house. And then one of the children, holder than the rest knelt down children, bolder than the rest, knelt down and opened the dead man's rough pea-jacket and found—what think you t—a little blue and green parrot nestling against his breast! It was the bird that had echoed mechanically the last de-spairing cry of the life that was given to save it. was the bird that ever after, amid outlandish oaths and wilder sailor songs that I fear shocked the pure ears of its gentle mistress and brought scandal into the Jerseys, still retained that one

weird and mournful cry.

The sun meanwhile was sinking behind that steadfast range beyond, and I could not help feeling that I must depart with my wants unsat istical. I had brought away no historic fragment; I absolutely knew little or nothing new regarding George Washington. I had been addressed variously by the names of different members of the family who were dead and forgotten. I had stood for an hour in the past, yet I had not added to my historical knowledge, nor the practical benefit of your readers. I spoke once more of Washington, and she replied with a reminiscence

Stand forth, O. Josiah W. Perkins, of Basking Ridge, New Jersey. Thou wast of little account in thy life, I warrant; thou didst not even fee the greatness of thy day and time; theu didst criticise thy superiors; then wast small and nar-row in thy mays—thy very name and grave are unknown and uncared for. But then wast once kind to a woman who survived thee, and lo, thy name is again spoken of by men, and for a mo-ment lifted up above thy betters!—Bret Harte in

## Ex-Presidents in Washington.

The newspapers are reporting that ex-President Fillmore and four surviving members of his Cabinet-Conrad, of Louisiana, ana, Secretary of War; Hall of New York, Postmaster-General; Graham of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; and Stuart of Virginia, Secretary of the Interior—are expected to visit Washington this winter for a friendly reunion. Ex-President Andrew Johnson is now at the capital, and, alluding to the fact, the Washington Chronicle says: "Mr. Johnson is the first ex-President who ever returned to the capital of the nation after the sxpiration of his official term of service in a purely social manner. Ex-President John Quincy Adams returned as a member of the House of Representatives, and ex-President Tyler as a member of the Peace Congress. Others may have done likewise when called by public duty in some other capacity; but unless called to the seat of the National Government, Washington society has heretofore master-General; Graham of North Carolina, Sec Government, Washington society has heretofore insisted that it had no place for ex-officials of this high grade. Ex-President Johnson, however, this high grade. Ex-President Johnson, however, treats this usage with absolute indifference. He comes and goes like any other citizen, and re-ceives his friends with that simple, unostenta-tions manner which characterizes those long ac-customed to civilized society. His present visit has already been protracted several weeks. His bearing and manners are those of a gentleman at home among his friends."

A CHILD'S DYING BEQUEST .- The Memphis A CHILD'S DYING BEQUEST.—The Memphis Ledger says: A little, crumpled package arrived at the mayor's office this morning, which had a touch of history. It was sent by Mr. John A. Hughes, a merchant in Springfield, Illinois, who has been active in collecting money for the distressed people. It was tightly rolled up in two or three sheets of very white letter paper, and contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all contained five dollars and five cents, nearly all in one, two and three cent pieces and nickles; also two faded pieces of paper currency of the old five and ten cent issue. Evidently this was some child's treasure, the accumulation of a little box for months or years. On the inner wrapper was written: "Little Lily's money to go to a poor child." On the onter paper, written in a different hand: "From Little Lily, for the Memphis sufferers a dying boquest." No other explanations of the content of t phis sufferers—a dying bequest."

A PENNSYLVANIA farmer who had hoarded \$20,000 in greenbacks in various places about were long past repemblion, and worthless. his house, recently found that \$6,000 had moulded so as to prevent identification. "WOODMAN, don't spare that tree"—Big

### FAMILY CATHERING

Yes, they all came home together To the old house on the farm.

Out upon the bleak brown hill-side,
Where the restless plue-trees mean
One is lying in their standow,
Through this Autum night alone;
With his sobiler clock around him,
He is resting from the strife:
But we could not amouth his pillow,
Could not obsee the parting life.

One more, assumed at Antictam, In his bethest stricken down— Claye Mohred, and brow of marble Resting on its larvel crown; Slowly, tenderly they brought him, In New England soft to rest; So we wreathed the white immortals And we laid them on his breast.

Hark! the chime of soft, awest voices, Music ringing through the ball; But a sound ne tongue can atter. Muraurs through its rise and fall Like the far-off nelse of armies, Like the hellow roll of duma, From that dim, blue line of waters, Sadly, plaintively it comes.

Blind and feelish, we who mormur, Hely, powerful and cales. God is guiding on the people. Though we may not feel His arm. Something clearer than the starligh Sleeps upon those quite graves. Glows above the blue Potomac. Glows above its storied waves. In their watches on the mountains They have seen His thing stars.
They have seen His thing stars.
They have looked upon His beauty,
He is with them where they are.
So we kept a glad Thanksgiving,
In this year of grief and oare;
And we heard their spirit voices,
When we said our evening prayer.

### ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AT DELOS.

We aliuded the other day, in connection with Prof. Schliemann's remarkable discoveries in the Troad, to the highly interesting results which had rewarded similar researches in the island of Delos, peculiarly sacred to Apollo in classical mythology. We find in the Independence Hellenique, of Athens, some particulars of these discoveries. The excavations were made under the direction of the French School of Classic Art, at Athens, of which we have also snoken in a for-Athens, of which we have also spoken in a for-mer article. The temple of pre-classical antiq-uity, in which the worship of the Delian Apollo was first celebrated, has been discovered. The roof, composed of ten enormous stones, had been observed before, and the ruin went by the mames of "The Stone Gate." "The Program's Case." &c. of "The Stone Gate," "The Dragon's Cave," &c. Certain passages of Homer and Virgil led to the inference that this structure was the Leotum (house of Latona) or oracular temple of Apollo, but nothing short of an exeavation could confirm or overthrow this conjecture, which astronomical considerations also had rendered very probable in the view of M. Burnouf. M. Burnouf aid the subject before M. Barnoar, M. Barnoar, Minister of Public Instruction in the French Minister of Public Instruction in the French Cabinet), obtained the necessary funds and appointed M. Lebegue to the work of unearthing the barried temple. The excavation is now finished. The gate of the temple, which was entirely buried, faces the west, and is an opening in a wall of the peculiar and massive structure called Cyclopisu, and required in classic days of remote antiquity—the temple sare structure tusto of Virgil. This wall, of course, formed the front of the edifice. The back part of the temple building was open to the sky, and is a more ancient example of the hypacthrum, or roofless temple, than any hitherto known. In the interior of the temple, and under the roof, is a huge roof of unwrought granite, on which anciently stood the statue of Apollo. When the earlier stood the statue of Apollo. When the earlier marble, the surface of this block was hollowed a intile to receive the pedestal of the statue. Of the statue itself, M. Lebegue found still in place the left foot and a part of the right one. The beel of the latter was supported by a small block of marble, so that the god must have ap-peared as half stepping forward in the well known attitude of the Apolls Belvidere. In the interior of the temple were also found two of the marble legs of the sacred table, bracket shaped. Outside of the temple, the rocks which form the two side walls recede from each other in such a way as to form a court, the floor of which is ele-vated, supported in front by a base wall, and reached by a flight of steps cut in the rock. In this court stands the circular base of the altar or tripod; this base is of marble, and has three cramp holes into which doubtless the legs of the tripod were set. It is hollowed into a sort of triped were set. It is hollowed into a sort of hasin, and appears to have contained some object of metal which has disappeared. This sort of altar, or thymaterian, is called by Virgil cortina, and it appears, from his account of the visit of Eucas to the sacred island, that when the oracle was about to speak, the metal vase roared so

that the inquirers were struck with awe, while the temple and the whole Cynthiau mountain near it were shaken.

Another excavation on the summit of the Cynthian Mountain has brought to light the piter and Minerva, some fragments of statues and vases, and about twenty inscriptions. One of these last is a mosaic of the Roman epoch, and has reference to a cataclyston or complusium, designed to collect rain water. A part of this cistern has been discovered at the same place. Close by is a small juclosure filled with funeral vases containing ashes and human bones. The Independence Hellenique thinks these human remains must have been overlooked at the two memorable purifications of Delos in the time

of Pisistratus and of the Peloponoesian war, re-spectively, or else that they were entombed on Cynthus in virtue of some special privileges. The Greek Minister, M. Calliphomas, associa-The Greek Minister, M. Calliphomas, associated with the French aræchologists a person to take charge, on behalf of the Greek government, of the antiquities which might be discovered, and the gentleman designated for this purpose, is M. Stalatamas, Secretary of the Archeological Society. The director of the French school takes occasion to acknowledge the aid which M. Stamatakamis rendered to M. Lebegue by his experience and good will.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

The La Crosse Democrat, in a lengthy article on local advertising, relates the following:

"A man came along here some time since, with "A man came along here some time since, with a thermometer in a case, and proposed to place one in the post office, so folks could see how hot it was. As a special favor, he permitted a number of business men to put cards around the thermometer, by paying the thermometer man a certain price in cash. Among the advertisers per thermometer were several who ignored the city newspapers as a means of advertising for a long time. One of them, who had let the newspapers alone, but had accepted all outside propositions to spend ten dollars in advertising, atopped the editor the other day, and remarked that he had just got on the d—dest stock of goods that ever was, and that his prices were so low that it aljust got on the d—dest stock of goods that ever was, and that his prices were so low that it al-most made him sick to think of giving things away. He said he wanted a nice local notice, setting the thing up in big shape. The editor looked at the man a moment, the tears trickled down his checks—for he has got cheek—and he

"I'll tell you what I will do. I will write you a splendid local notice, spreading it on as thick as I know how, and you just take it and slick it on that thermometer at the post office, where you do your advertising."

This may be a fable, but it might be true.

In a town not a thousand miles from Portland In a town not a thousand miles from Portland, Me., lives an old lady and her grandson. The old lady told the grandson, over a year ago, that she had saved a considerable sum of money, and that if he ever got into a tight place in his business she would lend it to him. During the recent panic he found himself in a bad situation from the want of ready cash, and concluded to visit his grandmother and borrow her money. So he called upon the old lady and stated his wish. With alacrity she went to her trunk, and drawing out an old stecking, proceeded to count

LEPROSY IN CALIEORNIA. The Pingue of the Mongols-What Leprosy is -Its Spread in California. Correspondence of the New York Graphic.]

Of such beings there are said to be at least 200 in San Francisco to day. I saw a dozen or more of them yesterday, during an hour's walk of exploration in the Chinese quarter. The physician who has been most active in endeavoring to call public attention to the presence in the communi-ty of this awful curse is Dr. Charles O'Donnell, a

ty of this awful curse is Dr. Charles O'Donnell, a regular practitioner, who has seen this diseases before in the Sandwich Islands, and there learned to view it with dread and horror.

Under Dr. O'Donnell's gaidance, I visited the Chinese quarters. We went through but a small portion of it—the black above Dupont street, on Jackson, in which the Chinese theatre is located, but we saw enough to, at least temporarily, satisfy my curiosity. We were after lepers. "I will show you any stage or form of the disease you desire to see," was the Doctor's reply; "there are two hundred of them within gunshot of here." A little above Dupont street he plunged into an alley, or, rather a crevice, between two here." A little above Dupont street he plunged into an alley, or, rather a crevice, between two buildings. The Chinese love to economize space. They delight in being crowded. Through the thick smoke which filled a den about seven feet long, flve feet wide, and six feet in height, I could dimly discern the figure addressed as John. He was cooking rice. In a few minutes he came shambling to the door. He would have been a nice chairman for a Committee on Personal Attractions. Tumors, like hillocks, supplied the place of dimples, and there were ravines in spots where protuberances might have been expected. His skin looked thick, dark, red, scaly. "Show us your arms, John," said the doctor, pantoniming. He might as well have talked to a zooden ing. He might as well have talked to a wooden man; but the vigorous pantomine was effective. John's arms were worse than his face, "Now your legs, John's "with more pantomine. John's face was positively pretty by contrast with his legs. If his calves were ever half as big as his ankles now are, John must have once been a powerful fellow. He is more than the average size of his race, so there is more field for the operations of the leprosy, which seems thoroughly Chinese in its power of utilizing all available space. He has such big tamors that he seems rather proud of them, and makes signs that he has others, still more magnificent, on hidden portions of his surface. We lose interest in the contemplation of his charms, and retire; but, before doing so, lay some money on his door-step. A little further up the street we enter another building, and pass through to a court-yard in the rear. Here, at night, the odoriferous Mongolians pack themselves together like sardines. In daying. He might as well have talked to a woode rear. Here, at night, the odoriferous Mongolians pack themselves together like sardines. In daytime, if not at work, they lie here and smoke opium. So three of them are engaged in one den, at which the doctor stops to inquire for the object of his search. Opium smoking may produce delicious sensations, but it certainly makes a villainous smell. "Yes, there is another case just beginning, exclaims the dector, in a tone of triumph, fumbling away at a Chinese woman's hair, and exhibiting a great swollen, scale formtriumph, funding away at a chinese woman a hair, and exhibiting a great swollen, scale-form-ing splotch covering her right temple. Both she and her companions feel rather uneasy, pos-sibly mistaking us for policeman in plain clothes

sibly mistaking us for policeman in plain clothes—a race of beings much dreaded by them—and very readily direct us to another leper, some doors farther along the gallery.

This leper is an old and very miserable one. He appears to be sixty years old. He has passed from the bloated, puffy stage to one of herrible emissiation. His lean old face looks painfully monkeyish. His arms and legs have no more flesh on them than the shanks of a healthy canary. With difficulty he totters out of the dingy kennel to be inspected. With nitsons implement mary. With difficulty he totters out of the dingy kennel to be inspected. With piteous, imploring gestures and tones he begs for melicine from the doctor, whom he recognizes. Alas! no medicine can avail him. Ere long he will cease to want it. Leaving this swarming, filthy house, we cross the street to a Chinese grocery, where the ductor is a queer place. Its stock in trade is of a char acter which would puzzle anybody but a China-man. Strange vegetables, grown only in a Chi-nese garden, are piled up here and there. Bask small ones like our minnows. There are piles of dried cuttle-fish, hideons things with flat white bodies as big as a man's hand, and a lot of dry, twisted, tangled tails straggling out from one ond. There are strange nots and queer pre-serves. Every article in the store seems to have some peculiar, abominable smell of its or grand total is a compound, complicated, overpowering, permeating and stupendous stink— the champion stink of the world. But we do not come here to see groceries or to smell them. The white man's stomach soon begins to protest The white man's stomach soon begins to process against this atmosphere, and we move on. The doctor offered to show me "fifty more cases right around here," if I wished to see them, but it seemed to me as if I didn't really years for any seemed to me as if I didn't really years for any

more leprosy. A few lepers are interesting, but in time they grow monotonous. The experience of all peoples among whom it has existed, in Egypt, China, the Sandwich Islands, and elsewhere, has resulted in the unqual-ified affirmation that it is contagious. A few thed affirmation that it is contagious. A few physicians, and still more unprofessional persons in this country, protest that it is not except un-der peculiar circumstances. The argument is a common one. "We have had the leprosy here in California ever since we have had the Chinese; California ever since we have had the Chinese; why, if it is contagious, has it not spread among the white people? There is a primary error here in the assumption that it has not. The fact is that it has. A man named Elkridge died here a few months since from this disease. Another man died of it not long since in the Alameda county hospital. Judge Asher Bates, a man who held the highest place in the estoom of the people of San Francisco, died but a few weeks since, and it has been affirmed to me that this horrid pest was the cause of his demise. I know of one case now in progress here, a white man, who is suffering with leprosy, and I only refrain from giving his name by request of the physician who has him in charge. Could the truth be known about the spread of leprosy among the white population it would be appalling. But it cannot be as yet. Those afflicted with the discose suppress the fact until the last moment.

Advertising in Dull Times.

The Milwaukee Wisconsis relates the following:
"After the crash of '57, when everybody was almost scared to death and the croakers predicted that the country had gone to smash, a dry goods house was opened in this city, which proceeded on the principle that in order to reach the hoarded money in the pockets of the people the proprietors must sell at very low prices and advertise largely. They worked vigorously upon this principle. Their brother merchants who did not advertise predicted that the new firm would be rained, as they paid too much for advertising. Nevertheless, they persisted. In a single year they paid \$500 in gold to the Daily Wisconsis for advertising, and at the end of seven years retirred from business with a fortune of \$100,000, while other merchants on the same street, some of them opposite their store, had Advertising in Dull Time

We remember a similar instance among on own advertisers in the panie of 1857. A merchant continued his advertisement in our columns through the whole period of stagnation, and notwithstanding many predictions that "it would'nt pay." His testimony after was that his sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many a merebant around him who "could in the sales were steady and his profits satisfactory, while many a merebant around him who "could in the sales were steady and him who "could in the sales were sales and the sales were sales who was a sale with the sales were sales who was a sale with the sales were sales who was a sale with the sales were sales who was a sales were sales who was a sales were sales who was a sales were sales were sales who was a sales were sales who was a sales were sales were sales who was a sales who not afford to advertise," saw his clerks stand

behind his counters.

A financial panic does not mean that no one has any money. There is plenty of money in the country, and those who hoard it are just the ones to be eager for the "hargain" which a fall in prices holds out. But to buy they must know where to buy, and the merchant who sells them will receive their cash.—N. F. Ecosing Post.

A FEW weeks ago there was sold at the Castle Johnnisberg, from the famous cellars of Prince Metternich, a cask of the gennine Johannisberger. It was the best of the famous vintage of 1516, and was bought by Consul Baner, of Moscow, at the enormous price of 28,000 guilders, or about \$10 a bottle.

"Poor Jim Wayne!" remarks an Indians pa-per, "he has gone where bar-tenders don't scowl when a man fills the glasses up."

"I FEEL so awful happy when the banks begin